No. 7. PAGE 25

THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

AS distant as heaven is from earth, so is the *true* spirit of philosophy, from what is usually termed *modern* philosophy.—The first is a system of truths, founded in reason and common sense; evidently tending to the harmony of nature, and the establishment of peace and order amongst mankind.—Whilst the latter, on the contrary, founded in ignorance and error, supported by obstinacy, subverts every sentiment of religion and morals, and is destructive of all peace and order in society.

Thus much premised, you will clearly perceive the design of the work called the *Vagabond*. By it, the author intends to expose the hellish doctrine of our modern philosophers. Not as you will perceive by researches of an abstruse and metaphisical nature, deduced from reasons *a priori*, or *a posteriori*, so often ineffectual amongst the rude and unenlightened;—but in a manner and stile the most familiar and easy; well calculated to meet the capacity of every man, by making common sense, and common feeling, the touch-stone of their absurd, and infidel doctrines.

STUPEO, is but another name for HUME, BERKLEY, GODWIN, and PAINE. Indeed he is characteristic not of any one, but of the whole of them—since not only like Paine and Godwin, he profanely renounces both natural and revealed religion, and absurdly reduces all things to the equality of nature:—But still more degrading to human nature, like Hume and Berkley, blasphemously denies the existence of a supreme being, and a final retribution; by confounding spirit and matter, ideas and reality. Such gross and flagitious attacks upon common sense need not the aid of reason to combat them, as they stand a fit monument of human error.

First principles must ever be the test of truth, otherwise we might reason *ad infinitum* without ever attaining to it—so that whatever reason is employed in proof of things, the human mind before it can form a complete and accurate judgment, and consequently arrive at truth, must bring the whole to the test of common sense and feeling; and according to its agreement or disagreement therewith, admit it as true, or reject it as false.—Hence truth is always immutable, ever the same, whether founded in reason or first principles. Every thing that does not admit of proof is not on that account false. Nor is it necessary to truth, that every thing should be proved. Our senses, both external and internal, often supply the place of reason. To deny this would be altogether to deny the existence of truth; as no reasoning can be admitted as sound, but such as is conformable and reducible, to these the first principles of our nature.

Thus explained, I would ask can there be a more presumptuous and daring outrage upon nature, than to deny the existence of matter? Experience proves its existence. It is as plain as that twice two is four:—the one cannot be believed, without believing the other. It is true, it cannot be proved by any deduction from reason, nor is it necessary that it should; for here common sense supplies the place of reason. And is it not an insult to the power & goodness of that GOD, from whom we derived both, to acknowledge the testimony of the one as true and reject the other as false?

But do our modern philosophers stop here? No! they have not only ferruginous like denied the existence of *matter*; but I blush to say it, have had the boldness and effrontery to assert the same of *spirit*. An assertion no less false than blasphemous.—When men with the most unblushing effrontery thus profanely reason; when they thus shamefully reject every dictate of nature, reason, and common sense, in proclaiming man's annihilaton; fruitless and vain must be every effort of human genius, to reclaim them from their accursed opinions.

Their conscience lull'd to rest, in sleep must lay,
Till time and death, proclaim immortal day;
Then free'd from doubt, convicted must they rest,
In Hell *to burn, or else in* Heav'n *be bles'd.*

Thus has an attempt been made by Hume, Berkley, and Paine, to usher into the world a *new-fangled* philosophy, no less degrading than fatal, to the present and future happiness of mankind. And thus also is an attempt made by Godwin, to ruin, if not our future, at least our present peace; by the introduction of a doctrine repugnant to the very spirit and nature of government;—which although in its tendency is less fatal, is no less absurd.

What, I would ask, can be more self-evident, than that nature and reason require obedience and protection to parents?—It is a dictate of nature which unaided by reason, blazes forth in every breast; and the man who attempts to disprove it, pitifully proves himself inhuman; by exposing to the world a solitary instance of a being, destitute of that natural *storgæ*, implanted in every human heart. Or what can be more evident than that marriages when contracted should ever be held sacred and inviolable? Or that promises when made should be faithfully performed? Nay indeed, what duties can be more binding? Are they not enjoined by every sentiment of religion? By every principle of reason and common sense? And is not the discharge of them therefore absolutely necessary to the well being of man? No one in his senses will be so base as to answer in the negative. And after all it is a melancholy truth, that beings (for I will not call them human beings,) have had the audacity to deny all this, have denounced marriages as restraints upon the natural freedom of man, promises as unjust; and thus by a theory diametrically opposite to the nature of all government, have reduced all things to the freedom and equality of nature.

Blessed equality!—Exalted freedom!—"That equality which makes all men alike responsible to the laws, and secures to all the equal benefit of them, is a blessing; but the equality which our modern philosophers extol, is the greatest curse that can befal a people. It is an equality which confounds virtue and vice, talents and ignorance, merit and infamy.—It is an equality which licenses the poor to plunder with impunity the rich, that lets loose upon the world the wolves and tigers of human nature. That freedom which secures to all the impartial administration of justice, the secure possession of the fruits of industry, and the enjoyment of social and domestic ease, is a blessing the

cannot be too highly prized. But the freedom exalted by these votaries, is a tyranny, monstrous and unrivalled—a tyranny that would privilege abandoned profligates, unawed by the fear of God or man, to sway the sceptres of power. Who while they lull a wretched people by the luring *tale* of liberty and equality, would never fail to exercise over them an oppression insatiable and merciless."

"From such Freedom—from such Equality, may Heaven in mercy ever protect my country." VALERIUS.

—

FOR THE HIVE.

Marnius absentem Novium cum carperet: heustu,
Quidam, ignoras te?——Hor.

MR. M'DOWELL,

ALL persons have their complaints, and all are desirous of laying them before some tribunal for redress. The nature of mine you shall hear without preface or apology; and through the medium of your *honey*, I hope they will be palatable to the injurers themselves, and full retribution given to the injured, by giving to the world a speedy reformation.

I have been, sir, an unfortunate victim of criticism, and though now fallen, I am not altogether indifferent to the numbers that are daily wounded by the same weapon. Criticism, the province of a solitary few, is the practice of the crowded multitude. It is so dangerous in its consequences, so often erroneous in itself, that it should be seldom exerted; and when it is, it should be cautiously exercised and timorously applied. To approve is easy, to condemn is dangerous.—To see, and yet be blind; to hear and yet be deaf, is frequently politeness and always modesty. That criticism or rather ridicule which is exercised upon the conduct, manners, customs and dress of persons in their intercourse with society, is, of all others the most preposterous, pernicious and destructive. It is the offspring of a cankered heart, or the fruit of dull stupidity. Narrow and contracted must be the minds of those, who think that *that* which differs from themselves is ridiculous or erroneous. He whose travels have been beyond the threshold of his father's house, or the vill in which he lives; or he who has turned the pages of history, perused the manners & customs of nations; or even he who has studied human nature but half an hour, must be sensible of the peculiarities that are attached to persons, and localities that exist in different countries, in different states of the same country, and different counties of the same state. "It is education forms the mind," circumstances and society form the manners. Dress often, if not generally, is an index to our profession or station in life, and always bears a relation to the place we have left, or the society in which we have lived. Though a gentleman of a liberal education, extensive information, and sound erudition, should always possess a correct pronunciation of the language in which he converses; yet inasmuch as pronunciation is, in many respects arbitrary, a person because he gives a different accent to a syllable, or a different sound to a letter from what we do, should not therefore become an object of ridicule, or be liable to satirical and critical remarks of his hearers. We should recollect, that to others, our own manners, customs and local expressions, are often uncouth, singular and harsh. These are faults, if such they may be called, that can be corrected only, by traveling, and extensive knowledge of the world. They arise more from want of opportunity, than ignorance; and ought rather to excite pity, than distort us with a sneer.

Sir, whether the inhabitants of Lancaster are more ignorant, or the ladies less merciful, than the citizens of other towns and places, I shall not venture to take upon myself to say; my own experience says no, whilst my reason answers, yes. It may, however, be asserted with safety, yet, I pronounce it with sorrow, that there is no place where a spirit of satire breaths stronger, or where false criticism and pitiful ridicule, is more lavishly thrown upon strangers, and more unfeelingly exercised amongst ourselves. It has in some measure become the character of the place; a character, the change of which, the happiness, contentment and sociability of the citizens loudly demands. Who has ever been in company with the ——— that has not at one time or another heared of he's being a subject of criticism or ridicule? Arising perhaps from something in his manners, conversation, dress or pronunciation, which was improper, incorrect or erroneous only, in their own mistaken and illiberal notions.

TOM CARELESS.

TO MR. TOM CARELESS.

Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem,
Occupat humanam.——Hor.

DEAR SIR,

THE ladies have ever been the principle subject matter of petty scribblers. Reformation is the continual cry of you moralizing, immaculate and unerring creatures. Licentiousness in dress, incorrestness of manners, prudery, &c. &c. are the great, though imaginary themes of your fertile brains.—Poor Tom, it appears you have been wounded. Did you consider in what part you wore struck? And do you remember whether the wound was justly inflicted? Puffed ignorance, and inflated pride are often chagrined. The best balm is, good sense. I am inclined to believe there are many in the same predicament with yourself, If I may be permitted to draw my conclusion from the honey that flows from the Bee-scap.—Some of you have been struck on the brain, for the muddiness of the streams, indicate a disturbance of the sediment. Some have sucked in their own poison, Ex. gra. unfortunate J. I.——It was, however, not the strength of the potion, but the largeness of quantity, and want of skill in the administration.

My dear Tom, why do you not endeavor to bring about a reformation in your own sex? Why are papers eternally teeming with abuse, immoderately lavished upon the ladies? Is it because you think they are defenceless? Is it because you believe they are unable to answer your low and pitiful remarks? Or, is it to display your fertile imaginations, facility in writing, and transcendent talents?—If it be the latter, you are much mistaken; if the former, you are quite deceived. I have silently viewed and contemptuously read, for some time past, your dull scurrility.——Mr. Careless, if you continue your assertions, I shall come forward the defender of my sex; and not a man shall escape my pen, from the lawyer's shop, down to the taylor's boy;—if you will expose imaginary follies, I'll lay open real vices.

Your's,

SALLY HEEDLESS.

—

MR. M'DOWELL,

By inserting the following description of the Grotto at Swatara, by the Rev. Peter Miller, of Ephrata, in your paper, you will receive the thanks of your well-wisher,

TROPHONIUS.

[*From the American Philosophical Transactions.*]

AS the course of my letter now tends this way, I must remind you, if ever you should publish a natural history of Pennsylvania, not to consign to oblivion that very curious petrifying cavern, of which, lest you should not have seen it already, I shall give some description. "It is situate on the east side of Swatara, close to the river. Its entrance is very spacious, and there is somewhat of a descent towards the other extremity; insomuch that I suppose the surface of the river is rather higher than the bottom of the cave. The upper part is like an arched roof, of solid lime-stone rock, perhaps twenty feet thick. On entering, are found many apartments, some of them very high, like the choir of a church. There is, as it were, a continual rain within the cave, for the water drops incessantly from the roof upon the floor; by which, and the water petrifying as it falls, pillars are gradually formed to support the roof. I saw this cave about thirty years ago, and observed about ten such pillars, each six inches in diameter, and six feet high; all so ranged that the place enclosed by them resembled a sanctuary in a Roman church: and I can assure you, that

no royal throne ever exhibited more grandeur, than the delightful prospect of this *lusus naturæ*. Satisfied with a view of this, we discovered the resemblances of several monuments, incorporated into the walls, as if the bodies of departed heroes were there deposited. Our guide then conducted us to a place, where, he said, hung the bell: This is a piece of stone issuing out of the roof, which when struck, sounds like a bell.

"Some of the stalactites are of a colour like sugar-candy, and others resemble loaf-sugar; but it is a pity that their beauty is now almost destroyed by the country people. The water, as it falls, runs down the declivity; and it is both wholesome and pleasant to drink, when it has discharged its petrifying matter. It is remarkable that we found several holes at the bottom of the cave, going down perpendicularly, perhaps into the abyss, which renders it dangerous to be without a light. At the end of the cave, there is a pretty run, which takes its course thro' part of it, and then looses itself among the rocks: Here is also its exit; by an aperture which is very narrow. Through this the vapours continually pass outwards, with a strong current of air; and, at night, these vapours ascending, resemble a great furnace. Part of these vapours and fogs, appear, on ascending, to be condensed at the head of this great alembic, and the more volatile parts to be carried off, through the aperture communicating with the exterior air before mentioned, by the force of the air in its passage.

"I beg pardon for having troubled you with such a long detail. It appears strange to me that none of our philosophers have hitherto published a true account of this remarkable grotto."

FOR THE HIVE.

News! News! Strange News! Wonderful NEWS!

THE people of Lancaster are fond of news and now we have news to tell them.

No doubt you stare and gape at the word news, and to put you out of pain I will tell you.——But to proceed methodically, you will be informed first *negatively* and then *positively*. It is not that England and France are at war,—It is not that an army has arrived at Orleans,—It is not that Mr. A. is married to Miss B.—It is not that Miss C. has broken her finger,—It is not that slander has entirely ceased in the world,—It is not that men have all become wise and good,—It is not that Susquehanna is destroyed by fire. But *positively* it is.....Now I have it from good authority: I have been told it by one thousand different persons of undoubted veracity: We have advices from every source of indubitable authenticity that it is true, and I am convinced no one will question the truth of it when they hear it. The very thermometer will witness for me, if you put me to the trouble of proving it.

Have you heared the news? says Tom—No, said I.. Not heared the news! says he. Has nobody told you that this is a warm day? —Says Will, puffing, fanning and wiping, this is warm weather. This is very warm weather, says Harry. Now I am sure they would not say so, if not true. An express, riding post haste along the street, called to me and announced the news—from some late arrival I suppose. I thanked him for the intelligence, and now proceed to communicate it.

Some say this is John Thompson's news—but I say it is every body's news. There is more than one John Thompson now-a-days; almost every one you meet is a John Thompson.

Now when there is a warm day, it is very necessary that you should be apprized of it. You might put on large fires and sit so near them as to be barbecued,—You might ride out in your bear-skin cloaks, muffs and tippets, and be sweltered to death,—You might go to bed under half a dozen blankets, and never wake,—Or, you might work too hard if nobody would tell you that it is a warm day. Who would not inform his friend going blindfold into a ditch?

Moreover there is no other expletive so convenient between *how-do-you* and the business on hand. Many mute lips would there be in polite circles, but for this ever-ready sentence, *it is warm*, or *it is cold*. How much awkward silence would prevail among timid lovers, were they not relieved by sentimental remarks upon the weather. It is warm—It is cold—It is wet—it is dry—It is dusty, &c. &c. What chasms in conversation are filled by this convenient expletive. It cannot be supposed that every man is eloquent enough to support a current of conversation, sensible, sentimental, polite, witty, and always entertaining.

If you, Mr. Editor, or somebody else, would send a "HIVE" or paper round every day to tell us it is warm, or if a watch-man would cry it every hour, we would not need to tell one another, so often, it is warm—very warm—very warm indeed.

JOHN THOMPSON.

N. B. If it should be cold I will inform your readers of it.

ENIGMAS.

MR. M'DOWELL,

In the study of the Latin language, I frequently have been at a loss concerning the true difference between the adverbs *quam*, and *quomodo*. Now, sir, if any of your grammatical correspondents will turn their attention to the subject, and critically give us the etymology, and real difference of each of these words, they will greatly oblige several of your readers, and particularly

EDWIN.

MR. EDITOR,

Reading lately under the article *Dilemma*, I met with the following very celebrated one of the sophist Protagoras; it may, perhaps, be an entertaining subject to some of your readers to exercise their logical abilities, by resolving it. If you think it worth a place in your paper, by inserting it you will gratify

RINALDO.

"A youth, named Evalthus, put himself to Protagoras to learn dialectics, upon condition that he should pay him a large sum of money the first cause he pleaded, in case he gained the same. Evalthus, when fully instructed, refusing to pay the condition, Protagoras brings his action, arguing thus: You must pay the money, however the cause go; for if I gain, you must pay in consequence of the sentence, as being cast in the cause; and if you gain it, you must pay in pursuance of our covenant. Nay, retorts Evalthus, which way soever the cause go, you will have nothing: for if I prevail, the sentence gives it that nothing is due to you; and if I lose, then there is nothing due by the covenant."

TO THE LEARNED.

QUERE.—*Define* the *cause*, "why five or perhaps ten ladies" walk "the streets without a single gallant, or at most only one or two to escort them." INQUISITIVE.

TO MR. INQUISITIVE.

ANSWER.—To trace and find out causes, is the peculiar province of philosophers; but to *define* an *unknown cause* "is a hard task," and has puzzled even the logical brain of "*An Admirer of the Ladies.*" ABSTRUSE.

After mature deliberation on the above question, and taking into consideration the answer given by my friend, and "neomsake, but no relation," I must cordially concur.

PHILO ABSTRUSE.

ANECDOTE.

A gentlemen having gone a few days since to a public building in Chester, to see the embellishments which are making there, the master painter took an opportunity of whispering his man *to kick the stranger as he went out*.—The painter accordingly followed the gentleman down stairs; but instead of asking for something to drink (which the cant word KICK implies) he literally took his master's advice, and rather urgently projected the unsuspecting visitant into the street head foremost! The latter turned round to retaliate: but the painter had cooly locked the door, and returned up stairs to his employment.

DIED, on Sunday morning last, in the 40th year of his age, Mr. *WILLIAM MUSSER*, of this borough; after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitu-

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

I have in my possession a number of manuscripts written in the years '99 and 1800, by a very young man, which have never been published; their stile is simple and pleasing, and their poetical merit is by no means trivial. If the following lines meet with a favorable reception, they will soon be succeeded by many others, written by the same author. But as they never were designed for the public eye, I shall conceal the author, and designate this, as well as others which may follow it, with the initials S. D. E. By giving it a place in your paper, you will oblige EDWIN.

TO SENSIBILITY.

DEAR SENSIBILITY, source of every joy,
Whose flowing cup, exhaustless, ne'er can cloy,
To me thou'rt precious in each gladd'ning hour;
My costly sorrows too must own thy power!
Before thy hallow'd shrine I lowly bend—
Oh! may my pray'r now to thy throne ascend!
Light in my glowing heart thy sacred fire,
Cause it with kindling brightness to aspire,
May IT for EVER beat devote to THEE!
From it may cold indifference ever flee!
Teach it to vibrate with extatic throes,
And let it keenly feel the mourner's woes.
When pleasure springs, to revel in delight,
When sorrow comes to sink in darkest night—
With joy rebound, to see the happy swain,
And when the wretched sigh, partake their pain—
May thy sweet dictates animate my soul,
And reign for ever there without control!
At sorrow's tale may gushing torrents flow,
And cheer, with sympathy, the son of woe!
Oh! kindle HERE sweet mercy's gentle beam,
Let IT o'er souls benighted cheering gleam!
Check not th' impassion'd tears, that downward roll,
Such tears are precious pearls to feeling souls;—
Although of stern, inhuman pride the scorn,
Still of most dear emotions are they born.
'Tis thine to chase dull apathy away,
And love in most alluring form array—
Thy mighty power distils an essence sweet,
Which makes each heart in unison to beat—
Unto each tender soul a welcome guest, [breast;
Thou join'st, by sympathy's strong chain, each
Tho' countless, tedious tracts may intervene,
And foaming oceans roll their waves between—
Still will far distant bosoms own thy law,
And from thy source sweet consolations draw;—
Thou art the link of warmest friendship's tie,
And while thou'rt present, it can never die;
Thy breath must fan the brightest, glowing flame,
Or else it is an empty, sounding name;—
Through thee does pity hold her gentle reign,
And corresponding feel anothers pain;
'Tis thou dost prompt the lib'ral hand to give,
And bid the poor desponding suff'rer live;
'Tis thou dost make the manly eye o'erflow,
When listning to the piteous tale of woe;
Thou art the soul of charity divine,
Whose beams to distant regions glorious shine;—
If thou 'rt wanting, in vain the beauteous face,
Is cloth'd by art or nature with each grace;
Each other chain creates but short desire,
'Tis thine to raise a pure and lasting fire.

S. D. E.

SIMILE—BY A LADY.

.....The light syllabub, all froth and show,
White, sweet, and harmless, like a modern beau.

FOR THE HIVE.

Memorandum lines, containing the names of the HUMAN BONES.

OCCIPITIS, frontis, parietalia, temporum malæ,
Ethmoides, unguis, sphænoides, palati, nasi,
Maleolus, incus, stapesque, orbiculare,
Dentes molares, Canines, incisoresque,
Hyoides, vomer, maxillaria, mandibulumque,
Vertebræ, sacrum, coccygisque, costæ, sternunique,
Scapula, clavicula, humerique, radius, ulna,
Carpi, metacarpi, digitorum, sesamoides,
Innominatum, femoris, fibula, tibiaque patella,
Tarsi, metatarsi, digitorumque, scaphoides.

A. Z.

EPIGRAM,

On a Lady who Beat her Husband.

COME hither, sir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love do'nt it strike you?
I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.

Instructions for fine Gentlemen.

WHENEVER you fail in conversation to amuse the company, begin to laugh most immoderately; thereby you will command the attention of the spectators.

If any gentleman should tell a remarkable good story, never laugh, but immediately tell another story yourself, and then laugh as much and as loud as you please.

Wherever you go, be determined to find fault with every thing; thereby you will prove yourself a man of consequence.

Do you wish to be in love? Visit your mistress when you have drunk freely of your bottle. Spirits give spirits---------Make a dying speech: thump your breast; flourish your handkerchief; and present a pistol;---If she is not moved at this, I'll give you leave to shoot yourself.

Whenever you are in company with ladies, endeavor to show your learning. Use as many hard words and learned phrases as possible; it will excite great admiration.

Should the conversation happen to get beyond your depth, and you be pressed for a remark or a reply, set up an affected cough or sneeze; and then say, "Demme, I forgot what I was going to speak."

Instructions for fine Ladies.

IF kind nature has bestowed its enchanting gift of a voice, and you can sing charmingly----let the company press till they are almost weary, and whenever it is affirmed by any person that you can sing, you may insist upon it you cannot sing; this is a great proof good manners.

Are your teeth white? Shew them upon all and no occasion; laugh at every speech, whether a joke or not; and protest, pon honor I can't help it.

Be sure to abuse the dress of every friend, by declaring such a one's gown ill made; such a one's handkerchief in a wrong place:—thus you will appear to possess great candor and friendship.

THE LOUNGING HOUSE-WIFE.

THE lounging house-wife rises in the morning in haste; for *lazy folks* are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly, but she can do it at *any time*. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned; her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck; her shoes down at the heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from room to room slipshod, resolved *to do up the work* and dress herself—but folks who are slipshod about the feet, are usually slipshod all over the house, and all day; they begin every thing and finish nothing. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry, somebody comes in: she is in a flutter, runs into the next room, pins up her gown and handkerchief, runs back with heels thumping the floor! Oh dear, you have catched us all in the suds! I intended to have cleaned up before any person came in, but I had every thing to do this morning; in the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep; the dust rises and stifles every soul present. This is ill manners indeed, to brush the dust into a neighbor's face—but the woman is *very sorry it happened so*.

Many a neighbor has thus been entertained with apologies and dust, at a friend's house, and wherever this takes place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to *any time*, that is, to *no time*, what ought to be done at this *present time*.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

Complete files, from No. 1, may be had on application.

All letters of business, communications, &c. transmitted to the Editor by mail, must have the postage paid, otherwise they will not be taken up.

Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this office.

An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, as above—He will receive good treatment.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
CHARLES M'DOWELL,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE SIGN OF WM. PITT,
EAST KING-STREET.

cannot be too highly prized. But the freedom extolled by these votaries, is a tyranny, monstrous and unrivalled—a tyranny that would privilege abandoned profligates, unawed by the fear of God or man, to sway the sceptres of power. Who while they lull a wretched people by the luring *sale* of liberty and equality, would never fail to exercise over them an oppression insatiable and merciless."

"From such Freedom—from such Equality, may Heaven in mercy ever protect my country."

VALERIUS.

—

FOR THE HIVE.

—

Mævius absentem Novium cum carperet: heustu, Quidam, ignoras te? ——Hor.

—

MR. M'DOWELL,

ALL persons have their complaints, and all are desirous of laying them before some tribunal for redress. The nature of mine you shall hear without preface or apology; and through the medium of your *honey*, I hope they will be palatable to the injurers themselves, and full retribution given to the injured, by giving to the world a speedy reformation.

I have been, sir, an unfortunate victim of criticism, and though now fallen, I am not altogether indifferent to the numbers that are daily wounded by the same weapon. Criticism, the province of a solitary few, is the practice of the crowded multitude. It is so dangerous in its consequences, so often erroneous in itself, that it should be seldom exerted; and when it is, it should be cautiously exercised and timorously applied. To approve is easy, to condemn is dangerous.—To see, and yet be blind; to hear and yet be deaf, is frequently politeness and always modesty. That criticism or rather ridicule which is exercised upon the conduct, manners, customs and dress of persons in their intercourse with society, is, of all others the most preposterous, pernicious and destructive. It is the offspring of a cankered heart, or the fruit of dull stupidity. Narrow and contracted must be the minds of those, who think that *that* which differs from themselves is ridiculous or erroneous. He whose travels have been beyond the threshold of his father's house, or the vill in which he lives; or he who has turned the pages of history, perused the manners & customs of nations; or even he who has studied human nature but half an hour, must be sensible of the peculiarities that are attached to persons, and localities that exist in different countries, in different states of the same country, and different counties of the same state. "It is education forms the mind," circumstances and society form the manners. Dress often, if not generally, is an index to our profession or station in life, and always bears a relation to the place we have left, or the society in which we have lived. Though a gentleman of a liberal education, extensive information, and sound erudition, should always possess a correct pronunciation of the language in which he converses; yet inasmuch as pronunciation is, in many respects arbitrary, a person because he gives a different accent to a syllable, or a different sound to a letter from what we do, should not therefore become an object of ridicule, or be liable to satirical and critical remarks of his hearers. We should recollect, that to others, our own manners, customs and local expressions, are often uncouth, singular and harsh. These are faults, if such they may be called, that can be corrected only, by traveling, and extensive knowledge of the world. They arise more from want of opportunity, than ignorance; and ought rather to excite pity, than distort us with a sneer.

Sir, whether the inhabitants of Lancaster are more ignorant, or the ladies less merciful, than the citizens of other towns and places, I shall not venture to take upon myself to say; my own experience says no, whilst my reason answers, yes. It may, however, be asserted with safety, yet, I pronounce it with sorrow, that there is no place where a spirit of satire breaths stronger, or where false criticism and pitiful ridicule, is more lavishly thrown upon strangers, and more unfeelingly exercised amongst ourselves. It has in some measure become the character of the place; a character, the change of which, the happiness, contentment and sociability of the citizens loudly demands. Who has ever been in company with the ———— that has not at one time or another heared of he's being a subject of criticism or ridicule? Arising perhaps from something in his manners, conversation, dress or pronunciation, which was improper, incorrect or erroneous only, in their own mistaken and illiberal notions.

TOM CARELESS.

—

TO MR. TOM CARELESS.

Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem, Occupat humanam.——Hor.

DEAR SIR,

THE ladies have ever been the principle subject matter of petty scribblers. Reformation is the continual cry of you moralizing, immaculate and unerring creatures. Licentiousness in dress, incorrectness of manners, prudery, &c. &c. are the great, though imaginary themes of your fertile brains.—Poor Tom, it appears you have been wounded. Did you consider in what part you were struck? And do you remember whether the wound was justly inflicted? Puffed ignorance, and inflated pride are often chagrined. The best balm is, good sense. I am inclined to believe there are many in the same predicament with yourself, if I may be permitted to draw my conclusion from the honey that flows from the Bee-scap.—Some of you have been struck on the brain, for the muddiness of the streams, indicate a disturbance of the sediment. Some have sucked in their own poison, Ex. gra. unfortunate J. I.——It was, however, not the strength of the potion, but the largeness of quantity, and want of skill in the administration.

My dear Tom, why do you not endeavor to bring about a reformation in your own sex? Why are papers eternally teeming with abuse, immoderately lavished upon the ladies? Is it because you think they are defenceless? Is it because you believe they are unable to answer your low and pitiful remarks? Or, is it to display your fertile imaginations, facility in writing, and transcendent talents?—If it be the latter, you are much mistaken; if the former, you are quite deceived. I have silently viewed and contemptuously read, for some time past, your dull scurrility.——Mr. Careless, if you continue your assertions, I shall come forward the defender of my sex; and not a man shall escape my pen, from the lawyer's shop, down to the taylor's boy;—if you will expose imaginary follies, I'll lay open real vices.

Your's,

SALLY HEEDLESS.

—

MR. M'DOWELL,

By inserting the following description of the Grotto at Swatara, by the Rev. Peter Miller, of Ephrata, in your paper, you will receive the thanks of your well-wisher,

TROPHONIUS.

[*From the American Philosophical Transactions.*]

AS the course of my letter now tends this way, I must remind you, if ever you should publish a natural history of Pennsylvania, not to consign to oblivion that very curious petrifying cavern, of which, lest you should not have seen it already, I shall give some description. "It is situate on the east side of Swatara, close to the river. Its entrance is very spacious, and there is somewhat of a descent towards the other extremity; insomuch that I suppose the surface of the river is rather higher than the bottom of the cave. The upper part is like an arched roof, of solid lime-stone rock, perhaps twenty feet thick. On entering, are found many apartments, some of them very high, like the choir of a church. There is, as it were, a continual rain within the cave, for the water drops incessantly from the roof upon the floor; by which, and the water petrifying as it falls, pillars are gradually formed to support the roof. I saw this cave about thirty years ago, and observed about ten such pillars, each six inches in diameter, and six feet high; all so ranged that the place enclosed by them resembled a sanctuary in a Roman church: and I can assure you, that